

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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## SELECT TALES.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

### THE SISTERS.

BY MRS. J. THAYER.

"It matters little how she was forgotten,  
Or what she felt—a woman can but weep."

"There is something inexpressibly touching in a sister's love."

"How very pretty Ellen May looked in her new bonnet!" said Sarah Messenger, addressing her sister Anne, a dark-eyed, proud looking girl, of some twenty years.

"Pretty! well, you certainly have a faculty for discovering beauty, where no one but yourself ever thought of looking for it. How any one can think Ellen May pretty, with her dull, sleepy eyes, and insipid complexion, I can't imagine."

"Perhaps, sister dear, every one has not your prepossession in favor of Spanish beauty. For my part, I do think a clear white skin (such as Ellen's, indispensable to beauty. I can assure you that I am not the only one that thinks so. I saw Clarke Finley attending her, and was told that they are engaged."

"Who told you so?"

"One likely to know; her aunt."

"I don't believe a word of it. Clarke Finley has more taste than to fancy that insipid child. I consider it perfectly absurd in Mrs. Fenmore to report such a thing: but some people will do any thing, in the hope of getting their dependent relations off their hands: but the plan will not succeed, I can tell her. Mr. Finley is not to be caught by such a flimsy artifice."

"No, it is the absence of all artifice, that captivates him. I have no doubt that he intends to marry Ellen: the report is in everybody's mouth."

"And probably as true as such reports usually are. Why, it is not six months since it was reported that I was engaged to Mr. Finley. Was there any truth in that?"

"Oh! no, I fancy not, or you would not now be Anne Messenger. There was another report too; of course, without any foundation in truth; that you used every artifice to gain the prize which all aimed at, and which little Ellen May, without ever dreaming of the possibility of such a thing, has carried off."

"Carried off, indeed! I wonder, Sarah, you can be so absurd. I have heard Clarke Finley, and so have you too, an hundred times, speak in the most depreciating terms of Ellen's style of beauty, call it a milk and water complexion, and I don't know what all."

"I never heard him mention Ellen's name. Indeed, I much doubt his ever seeing her till near the conclusion of his visits here. I used

sometimes to imagine (forgive me, sister dear,) that you did not incline to have them meet."

"Ridiculous! I afraid of being eclipsed by Ellen May! Upon my word, Sarah, your penetration does you credit. I thank my fortune, I am not much afraid of any woman. My style of beauty is not such as we meet at every corner. I flatter myself mine is rather a more intellectual countenance, than the common run of pretty red and white faces."

"Yes, I know your pride yourself upon your dark flashing eye. Bye the bye, that reminds me of the party last evening: you don't know how much you lost, by not going. It was quite in your line:—Mrs. Blueman was there, talking learnedly, as usual, upon mineralogy, conchology, ichthyology, and the Lord-knows-what-ology. What a tiresome woman she is. I always want to call out, when she begins her prating, like the woman in the story, "You have talked long enough, it is my turn now." However, there was a gentleman there, a Mr. Courtville, who made up in sense for Mrs. Blueman's nonsense. I never listened with so much pleasure to any one. Your intellectual countenance reminds me of one of the subjects discussed by him; speaking of the eye, he said, that he had always remarked, that those persons who have sharp shining black eyes, are invariably shallow-minded. I thought of you immediately, and wished that you might meet, and by offering in yourself, a striking exception, prove the correctness of the general rule."

"A lady sat in her jasmine bower  
And a knight was kneeling near."

"Anne, sister Anne, I have more to tell you about Mr. Courtville. I know you want to know what he said about blue eyes like Ellen's."

"Mid the lady's hair drooped a fading flower,  
In her dark eye shone a tear."

"Mr. Courtville is coming here to-day, by my invitation, on purpose to see you. I told him I had a sister at home, with hair of midnight hue, and eyes whose glance was like a flash of the electric fluid, and color (being at a loss for a simile, I ended rather derogatorily, I must acknowledge,) like Indian ink. If you don't stop that old song, I will tell you no more."

"The knight was cased in armor bright,  
He was hastening to the war."

"Well, well, sing your dolorous ditty as much as you please; I will go and dress, to see Mr. Courtville."

Never were two beings more unlike, than the sisters whom I have introduced to my readers. Deprived by death of their mother, when too young to realize their irremediable loss, they had been brought up by an aunt, who, injudiciously selecting one for a favorite, to whom every

indulgence was permitted, and neglecting the other, very early sowed the seeds of disunion in two hearts intended by nature to cling to each other. Anne, the elder, and favorite, was beautiful and being constantly flattered and praised, she learned to think beauty the only gift worth possessing, and admiration and flattery the only things worth seeking after. Though scarcely twenty, Anne had had many admirers, but having been taught to consider a handsome income as an indispensable requisite in her choice of a partner for life, she had not smiled her sweetest smile till Clarke Finley appeared. He was unexceptionable; he had an income of dear three thousand, and was a gentleman in the most expressive sense of the word. Anne and Mr. Finley met at a ball; mutually pleased with each other, a continuation of the acquaintance thus commenced, was requested and joyfully acceded to. For several months Mr. Finley was a daily visitor at Mr. Messenger's, and it was universally supposed that Anne would become his wife. The event proved otherwise.

Anne was beautiful, but spoiled by education, art had been made to take the place of nature, and every kind and affectionate impulse of her heart was concealed beneath a veil of vanity and affectation. Anne was beautiful, but mere beauty could not satisfy such a man as Mr. Finley. He had been charmed by a handsome face, and was willing to fancy, as many a man has done before him, that the face was a perfect transcript of the mind. Pleased by her lively manners at their first meeting, he looked upon her as a creature possessing a brilliant imagination, and was ready and willing to fall desperately in love with her.

Their next interview partly undeceived him. He was then introduced to Sarah. Sarah was not a beauty; no one ever called her a beauty, but every one called her a pretty, intelligent, agreeable girl, and everybody acquainted with the sisters, liked the younger best. Mr. Finley very shortly discovered Sarah's mental superiority, and might, perhaps, in due time, have transferred his admiration to her, but while his mind was wavering between the charms of beauty, and the more enduring though less fascinating charms of mind, another person appeared among them: one more calculated than either the before-mentioned ladies to fire the affections of a young man like Mr. Finley.

Ellen May, the sweet, retiring Ellen May was the very being, with her chestnut ringlets and her plaintive looking blue eyes, and her bewitching modesty; she was the very creature to win a heart wavering between a mere beauty and an intelligent, but self-assured and confident pretty girl. Ellen May was the very being, she blushed so naturally, was so artless, so innocent, so pure,

so everything delightful to an enthusiastic young man bent upon loving and being loved. Anne Messenger had some indistinct idea of the kind, and therefore managed so well as to keep the lady and gentleman from meeting for several months. Ellen was a distant relation, and had always been upon the most intimate terms with the sisters, especially with Sarah, and never had so long a time elapsed without their seeing each other. Ellen lived in an adjoining town, but was often with her friends, weeks and months at a time. She wrote, soon after the acquaintance with Mr. Finley commenced, proposing a visit of some length, which was declined by Anne, with, as she thought, a very plausible excuse. Sarah understood it all; she knew, that much as her sister affected to despise Ellen's attractions, she was unwilling to display them to her undeclared lover, while affairs continued undecided between them. Sarah knew this; and, while pretending to see only so much as Anne wished her to see, determined to circumvent her plans, and, as she said, give Ellen a chance too. But taken up by the amusements of the winter and spring, she delayed the accomplishment of her design till the commencement of summer. She then wrote, and invited Ellen to come to them for the remainder of the season; and, much to Anne's discomfiture, she made her appearance one evening when Clarke Finley was playing the agreeable. She looked most provokingly well, too; exercise had heightened the bloom upon her cheek, and imparted a bright look to her eyes; her riding dress set off her little figure to the best advantage—altogether, it was no wonder if Anne did wish her just then, at the antipodes. Her appearance was the most malapropos imaginable, in the midst of a—not exactly a declaration, but what must have led to one in a few minutes. The gentleman had taken the lady's hand, and looked unspeakably tender, and commenced something, not quite intelligible, about hope and fear and happiness, and a little white hand; and he pressed, very slightly indeed the little white hand that lay composedly in his. In the midst of a scene so exquisitely interesting, to be interrupted, and that too, by the very person she least wished to see, was almost too much for Anne to bear; looking up to the intruder, she exclaimed, "Why Ellen, where have you come from?"

"From home, of course," answered the visitor, "but you look as if you had not expected me. Did not Sarah receive my answer to her letter, inviting me to spend the summer with you?"

"I have heard nothing of either invitation or answer. What could Sarah mean?"

"I don't know what she meant. I know that she wrote to me, and invited me to come immediately; but of course I shall not stay, if it is not convenient. My aunt will be very glad to see me again to-morrow, and I can return, you know, as well as not."

Anne now looked at Mr. Finley. He had left his seat by her side when Ellen entered, and was standing in the recess of a window, gazing upon the pretty little creature before him, as one might look at an angel. Anne's jealousy was excited; she must get her out of sight immediately, and to-morrow she should go home.

"You will find Sarah up stairs," she said, addressing Ellen, "and you had better change your dress, you look fatigued. I will ring for the house-keeper to take you some tea, and you must go to bed early."

Ellen left the room; but the scene which she had interrupted was not again renewed; though the little white hand was displayed to the best advantage, it was not again taken. The lady heard no more of the hopes and fears, which, a few moments before, had promised so well. The gentleman remained a short time in the recess which he had chosen, and then bade Miss Messenger "good night." What an ending for such a beginning; Ellen returned home the next day, but she might as well have stayed—the mischief was done. Mr. Finley had seen her in a very interesting situation; an unwelcome visitor—received with scarcely civility. The little indignation, which, notwithstanding her mild and unobtrusive manners, was discernable in her looks and words, had its effect too. There was spirit beneath that angelic exterior, a spirit that would not be trampled upon, but would yield every thing to affection and kindness.

So thought the gentleman, and so thinking, he called at an early hour the next day, for the sole purpose of obtaining another glance of the pretty eye that had pleased him so much, and was told that Miss May had returned home.

Clarke Finley was no coxcomb: he was not at all in the habit of imagining every girl in love with him; but he could not but suspect that Miss Anne had thought it advisable to keep her charming relative at a distance, till her chains were more firmly woven around his heart. Instead of experiencing any gratitude for the feeling which prompted such a wish, he was disposed to consider in a rather unfavorable light, a young lady who could be content to owe a conquest to the mere absence of others.

From this time Mr. Finley's visits became less frequent, and he soon after left the town. Whether his conduct in the affair could be considered irreproachable, whether it is honorable for a man to seek the love of a woman, whom he must feel conscious he cannot love in return, and, when all but engaged, to withdraw his attentions and bestow them upon another—I leave for abler logicians than myself to determine.

Anne, though highly indignant at the *sans ceremonie* departure of her lover, was too proud to allow it to be seen. She assumed a haughty indifference with regard to Mr. Finley, and bore, as well as she could, the teasing remarks of her sister upon the subject. Sarah maintained from the first, that he had gone to see Ellen. "She was just the girl to please him, and she hoped he would marry her, it would be such a good thing for Ellen; and she would make an excellent, obedient wife, and that was all men liked. No man liked opposition, especially from his wife."

Some months after Mr. Finley's departure, Sarah visited her young friend and found her supposition correct. He was in constant attendance upon Ellen, and evidently as much in love as man need be. She returned with the intelligence to her sister, who treated it as the greatest absurdity, and would not believe a word of it. However, she could not long affect to disbelieve

what was the general topic of conversation among all her acquaintance.

A letter from Ellen very shortly confirmed the fact, by announcing the appointed day, and inviting the sisters to spend the week preceding it with her, in order to arrange and decide upon the important subject of dresses for the occasion.

Anne's indignation upon first receiving this letter, knew no bounds. She accused Ellen of duplicity, artifice, and every unfeminine attribute; declared she would not countenance such actions; would never go near them—no, never would she visit Ellen as Mrs. Finley. She was astonished, she must acknowledge, at the success of her arts; she had imagined Clarke Finley to be a man of more discernment, than to allow himself to be entrapped in such a manner by a *child*, a weak silly *child*.

At this point she was invariably interrupted by her sister—

"Stop, stop, Anne, a child if you will; Ellen is just one year and three months younger than yourself—a child, if you will, but neither weak nor silly. She has full as much sense as *some* people, who affect to despise her, and quite strength of character enough, to prevent her being imposed upon, as *you* know well enough. I am rejoiced that she is going to do so well; Clarke Finley is, in my opinion, considerably above the men we usually see. I do not wonder at *your* indignation—it must be rather annoying, to be cut out in such a way, when one has made up one's mind to captivate a particular person. But never mind, sister, you may succeed better next time, when there is no Ellen to step in and win the naughty lover. I promise not to interfere, so you may make your selection whenever you please, and put in practice the whole artillery of bright looks, and sweet smiles, and low tones. I dare say you will succeed, if you are so fortunate as to meet with some good soul, with three or four thousand a year, who will be good-natured enough to believe himself, and not the said three or four thousand the object beloved. I would advise you, however, to bring on the declaration as soon as possible; young men are so changeable, so apt to be fascinated by a new and pretty face, and, above all, so apt to prefer nature, rather than art. Yes, I would, by all means, bring a lover to a declaration as soon as possible, and, I think it well not to delay the wedding-day too long, for, after all, there is no real security till that is over. Talking of weddings, you will of course go to Ellen's and officiate as well as myself, as bride's-maid. I shall be delighted; next to being bride, I dearly love to be bride's-maid. You of course will except."

"I rather think I shall not. I most decidedly shall have nothing to do with Ellen May."

Notwithstanding Anne's determination, she saw fit to change her mind before the wedding-day arrived, and to accept the invitation with the best grace imaginable. Sarah was rather sorry that she did so. She was unaffectedly glad for the happiness which the coming event seemed to promise her young friend—she had formed no hopes of herself captivating Mr. Finley, but she liked him, and thought him deserving of a better wife than she fancied her sister



would prove; moreover, she loved Ellen much better than Anne, and, being by nature of an open, ingenious disposition herself, she despised anything like art in others, and always rejoiced in its discomfiture. Anne, on the contrary, though perhaps by nature equally candid and open as her sister, had been taught to consider every artifice in what she thought the grand business of woman's life—the attainment of an establishment—as not only excusable, but commendable. Brought up with such principles, she looked with contempt upon all suiters for her hand, who, to their other recommendations, added not the important one of wealth. Clarke Finley was the first wholly unexceptionable young man, who had shown a disposition to be captivated by her charms; consequently, she soon concluded to accept him, whenever he should see fit to offer himself. It may be supposed, that she could have no very cordial feelings, towards the cause (though innocent) of her disappointment—for it *was* a disappointment, and, to do Anne justice one affecting more than her selfishness. She had sufficient discrimination to perceive Mr. Finley's superiority above all others who had worshipped at her shrine, and her feelings towards him came as near disinterested affection, as she was capable of experiencing.

Sarah in part knew this. She knew that Anne had intended to become Mrs. Finley, but gave her no credit for any better feeling than the wish of an independent establishment. Still, she was conscious that the disappointment must be bitter, and was therefore rather sorry that her sister did not abide by her first-formed resolution of declining the invitation to the wedding altogether. She feared her irritated feelings would lead to the exposure of the state of her mind. With such feelings, founded upon a supposed knowledge of her sister's character, Sarah was little prepared for what did actually occur. Instead of being shocked, by a display of haughty superciliousness—which she fully expected—she saw Anne, with one of her sweetest smiles, wish Ellen every possible happiness, and Mr. Finley, the realization of all the bright hopes to which his situation must give rise. Her manners were entirely free from embarrassment, she kissed the young girl who had been the means of the greatest disappointment she had ever known; she gave her hand, in the most friendly manner, to the man to whom but a few months before, she had confidently hoped to be united by the dearest of earthly ties, and who, she justly thought, had treated her ill.

She gave her hand to him, and so completely had she learned to conceal the true sensations of her heart, not a pulse was quickened. She was calm, composed. Sarah looked upon her with astonishment; she had not conceived it possible, that any one, not even Anne, could so shroud herself in a veil of art. She began to think her sister totally heartless, without one feeling in common with others. At times, it is true, she thought she observed a difference in Anne's general manner; a vague feeling, that she might not understand her sister so well as she imagined, that she might not do her justice, would cross her mind. This doubt once admitted, gained strength daily, till the conviction,

that she had wronged her sister, rushed upon her mind. When, day after day, she saw her mind and amiable, doing all in her power to forward an event of which it must have been painful for her even to think; when, too, she saw that the gay and lively girl, ever ready with laugh and song when in society, became thoughtful and depressed when alone, her pity was aroused; and more than pity. She began to respect as command of feeling, what she had before looked upon as art—as womanly delicacy and pride, what she had denominated deceit and dissimulation. She now watched her sister more closely, and soon discovered that her nights were nearly sleepless, and much of the time passed alone, was given to tears. A warmer feeling than she had ever known for Anne, was awakened in her heart, and, for the first time in her life, she was led to reflect upon the system of education, which had turned their affections from their natural source, to find objects among strangers. She would have given the world, to have offered her sympathy to the sufferer, but she knew not how to commence; nothing like confidence had ever existed between them. Fortunately, Sarah possessed a strength and decision of character, which never allowed her to hesitate, when once convinced that a thing was in itself right. She now felt convinced that she had hitherto been unjust towards her sister, and accused herself of want of natural feelings, in never having sought to win the affection and confidence of one so near, and determined that she would repair, as far as lay in her power, the faults of the past.

To resolve and to act were always synonymous with Sarah; she immediately sought her sister, whom she found alone, sitting at an open window, a book before her, but her eyes and thoughts far away. She looked up as Sarah entered, and asked if she was wanted below?

"No," answered Sarah, "I have not been below—I, like yourself, have been sitting alone, thinking; and if you will listen to me, I will tell you the subject of my thoughts."

"Not now, not now; I am sure we must be missed; let us go down."

"Stay a few minutes, Anne; I am not surprised that you do not wish to converse with me, but I will say nothing to give you pain. You may trust me, indeed, Anne. I have been thinking how very strange it is, that two only sisters, children of the same parents, nursed by the same fond, loving mother, never separated from infancy up, should yet know so little of each other; so little of the hopes, the doubts, the joys, the cares that soothe or agitate the heart of each. I have recalled the years that are past—to me, far from happy years. There has ever been a craving, aching void, at my heart, as if my spirit wearied of its selfish loneliness. O, my sister! have not you felt a yearning for sisterly affection? do not you condemn, as I do, the injudicious education, which has hitherto made us as strangers to each other? If you knew what I have suffered these last few days, seeing as I did, that you were in sorrow, and no one to confide in! I have watched you, Anne, when you thought yourself unobserved, and I have seen your bosom heave with the sigh of anguish, and

your eyes filled with tears, and I have wept, that I might not offer you the sympathy which I felt; wept, that we had not been reared to love each other, as sisters usually love,

"I have hitherto misjudged, wronged you; I thought you cold, vain, selfish, and I forgot that the weeds of jealousy and envy, grew rank in my own heart. I deemed you incapable of appreciating my affection, and, consequently, sought not yours. I took delight in thwarting your wishes; ridiculed and despised your opinions. Anne, can you forgive me—can you bestow your confidence upon me after this confession—can you believe that I am truly penitent for the past? I acknowledge myself to have been the sole cause of the disunion which has hitherto existed between us."

"O no, Sarah, you have not been the *only* cause—you have been to blame, and so have I, deeply, but our kind, though injudicious aunt, was most to blame. She it was, who, by praising my beauty, taught me to attach too much value to personal appearance. She taught me to shroud the natural feelings and impulses of my heart, beneath a veil of affectation. She never sought to direct my attention to any accomplishment, but such as were calculated to enhance my beauty, while my mind was left a prey to vanity and self-conceit. I despised you for your devotion to what I considered tame and useless acquirements; or pitied you, that, being ungifted by nature with these endowments in which I triumphed, you were forced to be *intellectual*, in order to insure to yourself the attention and admiration of the dull pedantic bores of society. Thus, in my idle folly, I thought. I have learned, of late, to think differently. I have learned to censure my poor aunt's conduct, while I regret her loss. Yes, I loved her while living, for she fed me with food most congenial to my vitiated taste, and I have regretted her death, for I have felt that no one cared for me. I knew that her partiality towards me, had closed your heart against me, and I never thought that our father loved me; at least, he never gave me those little proofs of his love, which I daily saw him bestow upon you. Our past years have not been happy, Sarah; but we are young, and life may have much in store for us yet. Let us be friends; let the bosom of one, ever be open to the joys of sorrows of the other."

She cast an appealing look at her sister, and in a moment they were locked in each other's arms. Long they remained thus silently enjoying the exquisite feelings, which, for the first time, warmed their hearts towards each other. Anne was the first to break the silence. Gently disengaging herself from her sister's embrace, she said—

"Sarah, you have asked me for my confidence; you shall have it, my sister. I will open my heart to you; I will speak of what I never thought to mention to any human being:—of what is killing me!"

"Anne, do not speak so!"

"I will tell you all. Sarah, you have indeed misjudged me, but I do not blame you. You thought me cold, selfish, artful, and so I was. But it was education made me so. You thought me incapable of disinterested love! You wrong-

ed me, indeed you did. I could, I did love. I would have loved Clarke Finley, had he been penniless. I remember the scene where first we met. How unlike I thought him to all who had before sought my notice. I was delighted by his attentions, and, for once, I looked and spoke as nature dictated. He was evidently pleased with me, he called the next day; but I had had time to recall the precepts which had been instilled into my mind from my very childhood, and I was again the artificial creature which constant training had made me. I am certain he was disappointed; instead of the gay and lively girl of the preceding evening, he found me cold, formal, affected.

"He often looked at you, Sarah, often addressed his conversation to you; but, haughtily conscious of my personal advantages over you, it gave me no uneasiness. I trusted to the power of my charms, to make him my slave whenever I pleased.—I did not know him! He, too, acted wrongly, he should not have continued attentions to me, which his heart did not dictate; but perhaps he thought of me as you did, that I could not suffer, being incapable of feeling. He might have thought so, he had cause enough. Fatal, fatal education! that not only shut my heart against the claims of natural affection, but clothed my feelings and actions in a garb of art and dissimulation! I have suffered from it, its fruits have been bitterness. Nay, do not interrupt me, I have more to tell, and I cannot bear one word of kindness yet. When all is told, then your sympathy will be soothing. I very soon learned to love Mr. Finley, but I concealed it from him. I was variable in my conduct towards him, sometimes cold and repulsive, at others, allowing him to see that his presence was agreeable. I fancied myself secure of his affections, and I delighted to show my power over him. I delighted to observe the power of beauty over the lords of creation. I had been taught, that even the wisest, the greatest, the best, could not long withstand its influence. I gloried in the practical proof I was receiving, of the truth of the lesson. Oh! it was a triumph, to see that man, so superior, so intelligent, so high-minded, watching my looks, hanging upon my words, obeying my every wish. It was a triumph! brief, transient, but never to be forgotten. I was very, very happy—so confident, so secure of all I coveted. Sarah, I thought he loved me: though he never told me so, surely I had cause to think it. His eyes spoke it in every glance. He did wrong; though I deserved punishment, I deserved it not at his hands. I did not deserve that he should choose me from the crowd, only as a toy, to amuse his idle hours, and to be thrown aside as worthless, when the novelty was over, and another preferred to fill the place which should have been mine.

"The evening that Ellen made her ill-timed visit, (at least it proved so to me,) was the first time that a doubt of his affection passed my mind. You accused me, Sarah, of wishing to prevent a meeting between them. It was true; I did wish to prevent it. I had a sort of misgiving that she would cause me some unhappiness, though I did not think that his affection could

be so easily transferred to another. I was vexed at her coming, and received her not over civilly; he thought so too—I sank immeasurably in his esteem. I knew it, for his manners were immediately altered towards me; and, after that evening, his visits became merely formal, ceremonious calls. Yet I prized them; it was something to see him, though, day by day, I knew that my power over him was becoming weaker. When, at length, he took leave of us, it required all my natural pride and acquired art, to hide from his observation, the feelings which crushed my heart. I did hide them. I bade him farewell with a smile, and he despised me as a heartless being, incapable of affection. Better so, better so, than for him to know how truly I did love.

"I was miserable, and, in the whole world, there was not one being to whom I might tell my misery. Not one to pity or to soothe. I was alone! Often, often have I laid my aching head upon my hands, as darkness fell like a pall over the earth, and the rising sun has found me still there. My heart yearned for kindness, but there were none to whom I might look for it. I mingled with the gay and happy—I joined the dance—my voice echoed the song;—it was only in my own chamber, in silence and solitude, that I might ease my full heart by tears.

"You remember the day that we received the invitation that brought us here; you remember what passed between us upon the occasion. O, I am a brave dissembler!—you suspected not the anguish which I was enduring. You did not know, that when I so abruptly left you, it was to conceal, what, if seen by you, would have disclosed my carefully hoarded secret. When I reached my chamber, my handkerchief, which I held to my mouth, was wet with blood. Was it not hard, my sister, to suffer thus?"

"Hard!—is it possible you have borne so much, my poor sister?—borne it, too, without a murmur! Anne, you know not how much you make me respect you, while I despise myself. I can never forgive myself, for my cruel conduct towards you—my idle, mocking speeches. Can you ever forgive me, Anne?—But I need not ask that: you who have borne with such angelic sweetness, griefs under which I feel that I should have sunk, you can bear no malice towards your repentant sister."

"Malice, Sarah, towards you, to whom I owe the only consolation I have known for months! If you could know what I have suffered—how I have pined to open my heart to you, since we have been here!"

"But why did you come here? why expose yourself to daily, hourly suffering? Let us go home, now. I will go and make some apology: any thing is better than for you to stay here. I will go immediately, and tell Ellen of our intention of returning home."

"No, no, let me act out my part; it will soon be over. I must see them married, go with them upon their wedding tour—then, I will return home, and devote the remainder of my life to making myself worthy of the love of the good and wise."

"But why stay here at all?"

"I must accustom myself to seeing him. As connections, we shall often meet, and I must

learn to bear it. You need not fear that I shall in any way expose myself; the lessons I so well learned, will avail me now. No one but yourself will ever know, that Clarke Finley was ever more to me than any other."

The wedding-day came and passed, as all days must. The bride looked lovely as youth and innocence could make her, and the bridegroom looked happy, as bridegroom should. The bride's-maids too—they must not be forgotten: it was a trying day to them. Sarah watched, with affectionate solicitude, the pale countenance of her sister, but even she could discover but little outward evidence of the anguish which she knew lay at her heart. Anne was pale, very pale, and her lips were compressed; otherwise, no one could have perceived any difference from her usually calm, cold manner. Sarah was glad that her sister would be saved from any exposure of her feelings, yet she could not but fear for the result of the internal struggle, and she longed for the painful scene to close.

The ceremony over, the carriages drew up to receive the travelling party. The first received the married pair, and our two sisters; the other conveyed Mr. Messenger, Mrs. Fennore, (Ellen's aunt,) and two young men, friends of Mr. Finley.

It is not my intention to follow the party, whom I have launched upon their journey; suffice it, that they saw every thing worth seeing, visited all the mountains, and lakes, and cascades, and were regularly surprised, pleased, gratified, and delighted; and, at the end of two months, were all quite ready and willing to return home.

There is one thing, however, which I must not forget to mention, that Sarah declared, before one week had passed, that the two gentleman, their traveling companions, were very agreeable accessions to their party. Before the end of a fortnight, she agreed to a proposal started by some, (of course she had nothing to do, with it,) to change seats with her father, thus dividing the ladies equally between the carriages. By the time they had arrived at the end of their journey, she had decided in her own mind, and communicated her opinion to her sister, that Mr. Seymour was the most delightful person she had ever seen; and, before they reached home, she, some how or other, was prevailed upon to allow Mr. Seymour to take the first opportunity to speak to "papa."

Papa's are never very obdurate, when young men of unexceptionable family and character, with a modicum of this world's treasures, propose to take the care of their daughters off their hands. Mr. Messenger was fond of his daughters, and Sarah was his favorite, but he proved the disinterestedness of his affection, by resigning her, without a murmur, to one whom he had every reason to suppose would make her happy.

Sarah was married! and her brightest dreams of love and domestic happiness were realized. But she never forgot the love and confidence which she had exchanged with her sister. Anne's health, weakened by the long suppression of her feelings, was evidently fast declining. Sarah watched over her and devoted herself to her; but in vain. The spring came round in its course, and found her drooping like a fair lily; when the autumn came, her freed spirit had



soared to its home above the blue skies, and the green turf lay upon her hushed bosom. She passed away from the earth like a bright vision; her last moments were calm and peaceful; her head laid upon her sister's bosom, she fell asleep like an infant in its mother's arms.

Sarah deeply mourned the loss of her sister: she could never cease reproaching herself for the part she had acted with regard to Mr. Finley; though she had confessed it all to Anne, and received her forgiveness, and assurance that she did not regret it, as she was convinced they could not have been happy had they been united. "I," she would say, "have always been an artful creature, never allowing my true sentiments to be known, and he would have despised me. We should not have been happy. As it is, he is married to a woman, exactly calculated for his wife; and I have learned a lesson, which I must not—do not regret. I have also gained a sister's love; I ask for nothing more."

Sarah could not so easily forgive herself; often, after her poor sister was laid in her early grave, would the reflection that she had, perhaps, been the means of hastening her to it, throw a shadow over her otherwise happy lot.

The two friends, Ellen and Sarah, always continued upon the most amicable terms, and some years after their marriages, a little roguish, dark-eyed urchin, answering to the appellation of George Seymour, Junior, selected, for his "little wife," a pretty, modest-looking creature, in every feature, a second Ellen.

Possibly, as the biographer of their parents, I may some day resume my pen, and tell of the loves of George and Ellen—till then, reader fare you well.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE SABBATH SCHOLAR.

ONE lovely sabbath morning in the sweet season of June, as the sun had ascended the eastern horizon and was pouring forth his cheering and enlivening rays upon the earth, the dew-drop glittered on the slender stalk, and the feathered songsters warbled in the grove their notes of melody to their Creator, the cattle of the field were feeding upon the green lawn, and the beasts of burden lying in the shade as if conscious of the day of rest, and naught was heard but the murmur of the rivulet or the noise of a distant waterfall as it fell upon the ear; a female was seen, coming from a neat little cottage by the wayside, situated in the midst of a beautiful cluster of trees, and bending her steps towards the village. She was now in the morning of youth, beautiful and lovely, yet her countenance, the index of the soul, told that sorrow had visited her young and tender heart, that she had felt the ruthless hand of adversity, and had witnessed trials and afflictions, in no ordinary degree.

Such indeed had been the case, for she had followed to the grave parents and relatives who were dearer to her than any earthly object, and within the last few weeks had seen the tomb close upon her last remaining sister, and was now left alone in the world. Yet the mild resignation

and placid serenity of her countenance told that she bore her trials with christian cheerfulness and christian submission.

She was on her way to the Sabbath School, in which she had been from childhood, a diligent scholar, and was now engaged as teacher, endeavoring to impart that instruction to others, which had been, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, rendered a blessing to her own soul. Many were the tears she shed and many the prayers she offered up in behalf of those young immortals committed to her charge.

As she approached the village she beheld a group of boys who were about making an excursion into the neighboring country, and thus to spend their precious moments in desecrating the Lord's day. There appeared one among them reluctant to go, yet finally he yielded to the solicitations of the others and was about to accompany them, as she approached and asked him to attend the Sabbath School. He hesitated, cast his eye upon the ground for a moment, revolving in his mind whether it were better for him to accompany her to the Sabbath School, or spend his time with his companions desecrating the Lord's day, when one of his companions calling out to him, he was about leaving her as she put into his hand a tract, at the same time offering up a silent yet fervent prayer to heaven in his behalf. He was then too busily engaged to read his tract, but put it into his hat. Having spent the day with his companions, at night he returned home, taking off his hat he beheld his neglected tract, and taking it up, the first words that met his eye were, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The truth was immediately brought home to his conscience, and he resolved in future to be found on the Lord's day at the Sunday School and church of God. The next Sabbath morning he was early seen near the path of her whom we have before mentioned, whose kindness he had ill repaid, whose invitation he had slighted. She met him with her usual smile, and he accompanied her to the Sabbath School and became a regular attendant and member of her class. And there, were salutary impressions made upon his mind, there was he pointed to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

One Sabbath morning he observed with no small degree of anxiety that his teacher was absent, and was soon after summoned to attend her dying couch. Her pale visage, sunken eye, emaciated form and feeble voice, all too plainly told that her stay on earth was short. She welcomed him with a smile as she laid her hand upon his head and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven in his behalf. "God bless you, James," said she, "be faithful to your Sabbath School, to your bible, to your parents and to your God." Here her voice failed and she soon after yielded her spirit up to Him who gave it. She was laid beside her friends in the village grave-yard and frequently might that little boy have been seen dropping the tributary tear over her grave, and often while there did her kind admonitions come rushing upon his mind with redoubled force. There he was led to see the depravity of his own heart, the vanity of all things earthly, his need of

a Saviour, and to trust in the merits of the Crucified.

Time passed on and that little boy grew up to manhood and was seen in the sacred desk, called of God and appointed by the church to stand upon the walls of Zion to sound the gospel trumpet and call the weary wanderer home to his Father's house. Years passed away and he was seen in heathen climes translating the gospel into other tongues and proclaiming the tidings of salvation to those sitting in darkness and the region and valley of the shadow of death, with a zeal which characterized his Master when he sojourned on earth. W.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### PHILIP LIVINGSTON.

DESCENDED from a respectable Scotch family, and was born at Albany, January fifteenth, 1716. He was educated at Yale College, and graduated with the class of 1737. He became a merchant in New-York after leaving his Alma Mater; and as there were but few-educated merchants in Wall-street at that time, he was soon quite at their head, and of course had offices at his command. In 1754 he was an alderman of the city of New-York, and after serving in this capacity for four years, was sent to Albany, as a representative of the city. In this body he soon became a leader, and directed its attentions to its great interests of commerce; New-York being then behind Boston and Philadelphia in her exports and imports. He was one of the committee of correspondence with the agent for the colony in England, the celebrated Edmund Burke; and his letters abound in information and critical remarks. Mr. Livingston was in congress in 1776 and affixed his name to the declaration of independence, for which he was a strenuous advocate. He was a member of the senate of New-York, on the adoption of the state constitution; after which, under the provisions of that constitution, he was elected a member of congress; but he was not long permitted to devote himself to the service of his country, for on twelfth of June, 1778, he died, with *angina pectoris*, or the dropsy of the chest, often twin-messenger of death. He was a warm and fearless patriot in severe times, when thick clouds enveloped our political horizon.

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From Jones's Sketches of Naval Life.

### THE CONSTITUTION AT SALAMIS.

"Proseuse what shore, what sea is this,  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis."

We left Egina this morning, and passing by the Piræus have anchored just North of the little island of Pysttalion, and on the spot where the Greek and Persian ships met in the famous battle of Salamis. The Acropolis is in sight, a beautiful object, though more than seven miles distant; the marbles on its summit, were shining bright in the sun, this afternoon, and among them, ever and anon, rose clouds of white smoke, followed by the roar of heavy artillery. We can also trace the Greek entrenchments on the Phalerus, and the lines of some Turkish redoubts,

North of the plain. It is a state of things most of us never looked on before, and we regard it with the keenest interest.

There are nine men of war, English, French, and Austrian, around us, watching the course of events. I wish you could have seen our ship as she anchored among them, this afternoon. Coming to anchor, is always an interesting operation, and always greatly enjoyed; for hearts then beat high, with the hope of shore again; and, generally, we have new scenes close around us. If it is in a frequented place, the men are always ordered to clean themselves and dress; mats are taken from the rigging; every rope is carefully adjusted, and the ship is made to look as neat as possible. The character of a vessel and of her officers, depends much on the skill and expedition with which this manœuvre is performed; for she is then closely watched, and every evolution noted. The idea, that all eyes are upon you, gives a touch of the sublime, at least, gives a deep interest to the occasion. The ship seems to swell out in her dimensions; every event takes importance, and landsman as I am, I have learnt to be a critic, and detect the least impropriety, at such times. Then, no one dares show himself: if the men stoop to peep through a port, they are driven away; if an officer steps on a gun carriage, he first gets a cross look, and then a message to come down. So we glide on in deep silence, broken only at intervals, by the leadmen's cries—"by t-h-e m-a-r-k, ten;" "be t-h-e d-e-c-p, nine;" "quar-t-e-r l-e-s-s, nine." The first lieutenant has the trumpet, but it is not used; officers stand near him, to carry his orders to every part of the ship: you catch the infection, and words of pleasure or surprise are in low tones: you tread softly, and a spell seems to be on the ship. But all at once the trumpet is used again: "stand by the larboard anchor," is thundered along the deck; "let go the larboard anchor;" and a heavy plunge is the reply. The men now gather thick around the lower part of the shrouds, the foremost with hands and feet on the ladder, ready for a spring; and, at the order, follows one of those scenes of fearlessness, activity and skill, which I have described. There is a contest between the yardsmen, who shall do his work soonest and best, and where this is wanting, the boatswain's coil supplies the lack. There is no coloring in all this: it does not near do justice to the incidents to-day; for the other ships were close around us, and even the first lieutenant gave his orders to the officers, in a low voice.

The Cambrian, Commodore Hamilton's ship, is among them: our band and theirs, were on deck in the evening; the English gave us, "Hail Columbia," and we answered with, "God save the King:" they returned "Yankee Doodle," and our music replied in a Scottish air. I have a word to say about Yankee Doodle: it is a tolerably good tune, when played slowly and well, as our band plays it; but rattle off, as it was on board their ship, this evening, I am sure it must have produced a general laugh there, as it did with us. To me, at least, it produced mortification, also. You know, probably, how we come by this tune as a national air: the English played it in the revolutionary war, in ridicule, and we

adopted it in earnest, making good use of it, too. It is a lively, cheerful tune, but vulgar; and not befitting the dignity of a national air. It ought to be expunged. Another may easily be formed: "the star-spangled banner" would make a good one; if not, "Hail Columbia" will do alone, or others may be found; but let us get rid of Yankee doodle doodle do, as soon as possible. The English, French and Dutch national airs, are some of the finest music I have ever heard.

### MISCELLANY.

#### WASHINGTON IN THE FIELD OF VICTORY AND CHAMBER OF DEATH.

From Custis's Recollections of Washington, we copy the following, relating to the Siege of Yorktown, and a domestic scene:

The weather during the siege of Yorktown was propitious in the extreme, being, with the exception of the squall on the night of the 16th, the fine autumnal weather of the South, commonly called the Indian summer, which greatly facilitated the military operations. Washington's headquarters were under canvass the whole time.

The situation of Yorktown, after the surrender, was pestilential. Numbers of wretched negroes who had either been taken from the plantations, or had of themselves followed the fortunes of the British Army, had died of the small pox, which, with the camp-fever, was raging in the place, and remained unburied in the streets. When all hope of escape was given up, the horses of the British Legion were led to the margin of the river, shot, and then thrown into the stream; the carcasses, floating with the tide, lodged on the adjacent shores and flats, producing an effluvia that effected the atmosphere for miles around. Indeed, it was many months before Yorktown and its environs became sufficiently purified to be habitable with any degree of comfort.

A domestic affliction threw a shade over Washington's happiness, while his camp still rang with shouts of triumph for the surrender of Yorktown. His step-son, to whom he had been a parent and protector, and to him was fondly attached, who had accompanied him to the camp at Cambridge, and was among the first of his aids in the dawn of the Revolution, sickened while on duty as extra aid to the Commander-in-Chief in the trenches before Yorktown. Aware that his disease (the camp fever) would be mortal, the sufferer had yet one last lingering wish to be gratified, and he would die content. It was to behold the surrender of the sword of Cornwallis. He was supported to the ground, and witnessed the admired spectacle, and was then removed to Eltham, a distance of thirty miles from camp.

An express from Dr. Craik announced that there was no longer hope, when Washington, attended by a single officer, and a groom, left the headquarters at midnight, and rode with all speed for Eltham.

The anxious watchers by the couch of the dying were, in the grey of the twilight, aroused by a trampling of horse, and looking out, discovered the commander-in-Chief alighted from a jaded charger in the court-yard. He immediately summoned Dr. Craik, and to the eager in-

quiry, Is there any hope? Craik mournfully shaking his head, the General retired to a room to indulge his grief, requesting to be left alone. In a little while the poor sufferer expired. Washington, tenderly embracing the bereaved wife and mother, observed to the weeping group around the remains of him so dearly loved: "From this moment I adopt his two youngest children as my own." Absorbed in grief, he then waved with his hand a melancholy adieu, and fresh horses being ready, without rest or refreshment, he re-mounted and returned to the camp.

For a great distance around Yorktown the earth trembled under the cannonade, while many an anxious and midnight watcher ascended to the housetops to listen to the sound, and to look upon the horizon, lighted up by the blaze of the batteries, the explosions of the shells, and the flames from the burning vessels in the harbor.

At length, on the morning of the 17th, the thundering ceased, hour after hour passed away, and the most attractive ear could not catch another sound. What had happened? Can he have escaped? To suppose he had fallen, was almost too much to hope for. And now an intense anxiety prevails; every eye is turned toward the great Southern road, and the express! the express! is upon every lip. Each hamlet and homestead pours forth its inmates. Age is seen leaning on his staff, women with infants at their breast, children with wandering eyes, and tiny hands outstretched, all, all, with breathless hopes and fears await the courier's coming. Ay, and the courier rode with a red spur that day; but had he been mounted on the wings of the wind, he could scarcely have kept pace with the general anxiety.

At length there is a cry—He comes! he comes, and merging from a cloud of dust, a horseman is seen at headlong speed. He plies the lash and spur; covered with foam, with throbbing flank, and nostril dilated to catch the breeze, the generous horse devours the road while ever and anon the rider waves his cap, and shouts to the eager groups that crowd his way, Cornwallis is taken.

And now rose a joyous cry that made the very welkin tremble. The Tories, amazed, confounded, shrunk away to their holes and hiding places, while the patriotic Whigs rushed into each other's arms, and wept for gladness. And oh! in that day of general thanksgiving and praise, how many an aspiration ascended to the Most High! imploring blessings on him whom all Time will consecrate as the Father of his Country.

The prediction of Cornwallis in the tent of Washington was verified. The 16th of October, 1781, was indeed the crowning glory of the war of the Revolution; hostilities languished thereafter, while Independence and Empire dawned upon the destinies of America, from the surrender of Yorktown.

From the New-York Observer.

#### THE PROFANE OFFICER.

SHORTLY after the termination of the revolutionary war Dr. John Rogers was on his way from Philadelphia to New-York, in one of the large stage wagons at that time in use. It was filled with passengers of various appearances



and characters; among the number was a middle aged man, of portly person, who rendered himself conspicuous by his jocular conversation, interlarded with frequent and horrid oaths. The loquacious gentleman occupied one of the front seats, while the good old doctor sat in the rear—but still so near that his ears were constantly filled, and his heart pained by the horrid sound of oaths, such as he had seldom, if ever, been obliged to hear before.

Turning to General C. who sat next to him, the doctor enquired with earnestness, "Who is that voluble and profane gentleman?"

"That is Captain T——, late of the U. S. Army," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the doctor, "I must take an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject of his profanity."

"You had better not," said the General, "he is a rough man—quite a hard character—and he may 'turn again and rend you.'"

"I must venture that," rejoined the doctor, and pray for wisdom to direct me; but I cannot think of sitting still, and silently hearing such a torrent of profanity without an attempt to suppress it."

Shortly afterward they arrived at a stage-house where they were to dine, and the doctor improved the first favorable opportunity of addressing the Captain, under circumstances, and in a manner that would not wound his pride. As soon as they were alone, the following conversation ensued. "If I am rightly informed," said the doctor, "this is Capt. T.?" "Yes, sir, at your service," was the reply, with a military air. "Any relation to Colonel T. formerly of E——?" "I am his son," replied the Captain. "Indeed!" said the doctor, "I have often been hospitably entertained in your father's house in my journeys during the revolutionary war.—Pray, sir, how is your good mother?" "She has been dead more than a year." "Ah!" said the doctor, "she has at last reached her heavenly home! And your father, is he yet alive?" "Yes sir, and in health." "I am happy to hear it—please present my kind regards to him, and tell him if it should be the will of Providence that we are never more to meet in this dying world, I trust we shall meet in a better world, never more to part."

After a short and solemn pause, the doctor resumed, "Capt. T. I trust you are a gentleman?" "Certainly, sir," said the Captain, (somewhat startled at the interrogatory,) "every American officer is a gentleman." "That is as it should be," said the doctor. "Well then, Capt. T. every gentleman will be careful not to wound the feelings of an unoffending person, especially those who have neither power or disposition to retaliate. Now sir, I am sorry to say, (though you did not mean to do so,) you have by your profane language, inflicted a great deal of pain on myself, and probably on some other of your fellow passengers; may I not hope, then, that you will do me the favor to refrain from profane language while we are necessarily associated in a public conveyance? Such oaths cannot possibly do you any good, and they will be very annoying to me and others." The doctor ceased, and the Captain very promptly replied, "Sir, I

pledge my honor I will not indulge myself in another oath while we are together." "I thank you, Captain, for your condescension," said the Doctor, taking him cordially by the hand; "shall I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you, sir?" "With all my heart," said the Captain. The wine was ordered and drank, when they separated, and the Captain, with evident satisfaction related the foregoing conversation to Gen. C. and in the conclusion remarked that the Doctor was not only a *Christian*, but a real *gentleman*, and if all Christians were like him he verily believed he would become one himself. After they had dined, they proceeded on their journey, and the Captain was faithful to his promise. Not another oath proceeded from his lips, and they parted with reciprocal civilities, and kind feelings.

It is impossible that in these days of *Teetotalism* some of the friends of the temperance cause may be shocked at the idea of a Doctor of Divinity inviting a profane military man to take wine with him at a public inn! But all who had the happiness of knowing Dr. Rogers intimately, would testify that there did not live a man more systematical, conscientious, and temperate than he. If he had lived in the present day it is probable he would have said in spirit of the Apostle Paul—If my wine maketh my brother to offend, I will not take another glass while the world standeth!

#### A JOKE AND THE AFTER CLAP.

ONE day within the last week, says the Philadelphia Chronicle, a lady of Southwark who had conceived some cause of dislike for a certain physician of that quarter, and being disposed to wound his feelings, and mortify his professional dignity, hit on the following expedient for so doing. She sent for the doctor intimating in her message that a sick person stood in need of his services. The doctor arrived, entered the apartment where the lady sat with two female acquaintances and was directed to a cradle, in which he expected to find a sick child. On removing the quilt, he discovered a large tom cat, fitted up with a baby's cap, &c. and at the moment of making this discovery, he heard a half suppressed titter proceeding from the corner of the room where the ladies sat. The doctor, no wise daunted, changed not a muscle of his countenance, but with all the gravity becoming a physician, felt the pulse of the quadruped, took out his pencil, wrote a prescription, took up his hat and cane, bade the ladies good afternoon and departed. As soon as he was out of hearing, Mrs.—— and her companion gave a full burst to their merriment and laughed over the trick for an hour, when their mirth was somewhat damped by the entrance of a young man who presented the doctor's bill, wherein was charged the maximum price for a visit. Nothing could be said against the justice of the demand and the money was paid with evident vexation. So the doctor had his joke as well as the lady.

**BOTHERING A STEAMBOAT.**—An old woman on the banks of the Mississippi, hailed one of the biggest steamboats passing up the river, which rounded to, supposing she wanted to take passage. She stepped on board, sought out the

captain, and told him she wanted to sell him a dozen of eggs. She had'n't but eleven by her, but said one of the old hens was on her nest, and if he would only wait a few minutes, she could make out a full dozen!

**NONE CAN TELL WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES BUT THE WEARER.**—A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, amongst a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you five children?" In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, and interrogated them in his turn: "Is not this shoe a very handsome one? Is it not extremely well made? And yet none can tell where it pinches?"

**HOW SMART!**—A young lady, rather given to gossiping, was in the habit of complaining of a bad taste in her mouth every morning. She consulted a physician upon the matter. He told her it was because she went to bed every night with so much scandal in her mouth. "Well then, doctor," said she, "if that is the case, I will be sure to let it all out before night, hereafter."

**QUERY?**—"I know well enough," said a fellow, "where fresh fish comes from, but where these ere salt ones are catch'd, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. M. H. Whittingham, Vt. \$1.00; A. W. H. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. S. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; N. J. S. Danby, Vt. \$1.00; H. B. Clarendon, Vt. \$1.00; R. N. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; M. B. Tappanstown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. Kyserick, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Chittanooga, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Alna, Me. \$1.00; P. T. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; D. B. S. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. W. West Farms, N. Y. \$5.00; W. G. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. S. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; T. D. La Grange, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. R. Hosick, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. H. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. H. Dudley, Ms. \$1.00; S. W. Danbury, Ct. \$1.00; S. & L. Andover, O. \$1.00; C. H. B. West Sand Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Oriskany, N. Y. \$1.00; R. A. P. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. R. Catskill, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Married,

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. E. D. Townner, Mr. Frederick Eugene Blake to Miss Adelia Romeyn, both of this city.

At Mellenville, on the 10th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Samuel L. Dorr to Miss Eve Eliza Thompson, both of Hudson.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jacob Snyder, to Miss Julia Ann Anderson, all of Claverack.

At Ghent, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. R. Sluyter, Mr. Peter I. Ostrander, of Valatie, to Miss Christina, daughter of Henry Helm, of the former place.

At Athens, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Malaby, Mr. W. E. Greene, of New-York, to Miss Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Seth Bunker, of the former place.

At Albany, on New Year's evening, by the Rev. Stephen R. Smith, Mr. Isaiah Whitney to Miss Mary A. daughter of the late Captain Johnson Gove, of West Troy.

At the same time, and by the same, Mr. David M. Cooper to Miss Georgiana P. daughter of Mr. George W. Thacher, all of Albany.

#### Died,

In this city, on the 22d ult. Samuel Borland, Esq. aged 75 years.

On the 15th ult. Margaret Moore, in her 30th year.

On the 16th ult. Mr. Richard Gage, in his 70th year.

In Troy, on the 14th ult. Mrs. Lydia wife of Jabez Bosworth, formerly of this city, in the 60th year of her age.

At Cooperstown, on the 14th ult. Phebe, wife of Eliery Cory, and daughter of the late Noah Coffin, formerly of Hudson.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;

Take this new treasure to thy trust,

And give these sacred relics room

To seek the slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,

Inva'de thy bounds. No mortal woes

Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,

While angels watch the soft repose.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## SONNET TO THE ACACIA ROSE.\*

FULGENT with tints as beauteous as the rays  
 Reflected from the rainbow's sun-lit curve;  
 As bright as lover's eyes without reserve:  
 No rival hast thou for my song of praise.  
 Clothed with imperial garb by Nature's hand,  
 Encircled though thou art with beauties rare,  
 Still high above them all, thy clusters fair,  
 Pre-eminent in gorgeous beauty stand.  
 As radiant too as maiden's blush, e'en so  
 Drops thy fair head in modest crimson glow;  
 Differing alike from all the numerous host  
 Of floral exquisites in rich array—  
 Capped with a regal pride and majesty  
 Kind Nature fondly owns thee her proud boast.

\*The emblem of elegance.—FLOR. SKT.

Glen's Falls, Nov. 24, 1840.

A. W. H.

For the Rural Repository.

## FAME,

*In itself, found to be unsatisfying.*

I SAW a youth, upon his brow was stamped,  
 With impress true, deep thought, and firm resolve,  
 And in his eye, the fire of intellect burned.  
 I marked with gaze intent, his onward course;  
 Which from beginning seemed so hopeless;  
 Bereft as 'twas of kindred, and of gold;  
 That universal softener of hearts that  
 Else are steeled to calls of sympathy.  
 He by his own unaided powers had risen,  
 To the broad level, where all are striving  
 For pre-eminence; and with due resolve  
 To push his brother down, that he may rise  
 Unvexed, by seeing another just above him.  
 But some there were that onward upward went  
 With steady course, "firm and unfaltering,"  
 With Virtue fair, to guide them by their side.  
 And he (of manners free, and matchless mind,)  
 Was gazing upward too, with wishful look.  
 Hope sparkled in his eye, and all his limbs  
 With a mysterious energy were filled,  
 It was the goddess Fame had caught his eye,  
 And by her effulgence had wooed him upward.  
 Now he found 'twas not a flowery path,  
 But toilsome way, and only reached by few.  
 Then to his aid he brought Authors deep-versed  
 In ancient lore; and with ardent hopes  
 Deeply each mine of science he explored,  
 Gaining stores of intellectual knowledge  
 From each excursion into their depth profound.  
 The muses too now threw a garland of  
 Exquisite beauty round his lofty brow,  
 Which breathed sweet music such as angels love.  
 Once more I saw Fame, with bewitching sweetness,  
 Beckoning him onward, with promises  
 Of honors and a name to live forever.  
 He needed not the stimulus, for now  
 With mighty effort he had reached  
 The summit of his hopes. Admiring friends  
 Flocked round, to catch music from his lips,  
 And Fame wafted his name far o'er the land.  
 Was he happy now, when every wish was  
 More than gratified? Ah no: can ought

That is earthly fill the immortal mind.  
 Self had been the idol of his worship:  
 And not one note of praise, had ever risen  
 To that Being who alone is worthy  
 To receive honor. But now a change came  
 O'er his spirit. Fame no longer cheered him  
 With delusive hopes, and now he sat low  
 At his Saviour's feet in humble worship.  
 Again I saw him. Sympathizing friends  
 Stood round to witness his departure.  
 'Twas like the gentle zephyr passing by,  
 Or, like the beautiful decline of the  
 Glorious orb of day, shedding light and  
 Radiance upon all it leaves behind.  
 Thus, closing a life with joy and gladness,  
 That upon the Saviour had been cast  
 When earth could grant his soul no comfort. C.

## STANZAS.

BY THE LATE WM. S. HOLDEN.

WHEN on his never ending way  
 Low in the west declined,  
 The Day God flung a brighter ray  
 On all he left behind  
 And every mountain every tree  
 Bathed in his golden light,  
 Though soon their glories all should be  
 Wrapped in the shades of night—  
 I've thought that earth seemed lovelier then,  
 Dressed in those farewell gleams,  
 Than when she gaily flaunted 'neath  
 His glaring moonlight beams.  
 So with the setting sun of life,  
 When dipping in the wave  
 Its brightest rays are last of all  
 Above the open grave.  
 The dreamy, cheating hopes and joys  
 That makes us fain to stay,  
 Array them still in gayer hues  
 Just as they fade away.  
 And Oh, as to a morning bright,  
 The sinking sun shall rise,  
 So life will break from death's dark night  
 To seek its native skies!

## CHILDREN.

"HARMLESS, happy little treasures,  
 Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,  
 Richest wealth, and purest treasures,  
 In this mean and guilty earth.  
 "How I love you, pretty creatures,  
 Lamb-like flock of little things,  
 Where the love that lights your features  
 From the heart in beauty springs.  
 "On these laughing rosy faces  
 There are no deep lines of sin,  
 None of passion's dreary traces  
 That betray the wounds within;  
 "But yours is the sunny dimple  
 Radiant with untutored smiles,  
 Yours the heart, sincere and simple,  
 Innocent of selfish wiles;  
 "Yours the natural curling tresses,  
 Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,  
 Tottering steps, and kind caresses,  
 Pure with health and warm with joy.  
 "The dull slaves of gain, or passion,  
 Cannot love you as they should,  
 The poor worldly fools of fashion  
 Would not love you if they could;  
 "Write them childless, those cold-hearted  
 Who can scorn Thy generous boon,

And whose souls with fear have smarted  
 Lest—Thy blessings come too soon.

"While he hath a child to love him  
 No man can be poor indeed,  
 While he trusts a Friend above him,  
 None can sorrow fear, or need.

"But for thee, whose hearth is lonely  
 And unwarmed by children's mirth,  
 Spite of riches, thou art only  
 Desolate and poor on earth;

"All unloved by innocent beauty,  
 All unloved by guileless heart,  
 All uncheered by sweetest duty,  
 Childless man, how poor thou art?"

## OBLIVION.

BY S. OSBORN.

I SAW a monarch, great in name,  
 Of high renown and matchless fame,  
 Decked with his royal robes and crown—  
 I saw oblivion strike him down.  
 I saw a conqueror in his car,  
 Loaded with trophies gained afar—  
 I saw oblivion hurl his dart,  
 And pierce the hero to heart.  
 I saw a stately column rise,  
 Adorned with sculptured victories—  
 I saw oblivion make a thrust,  
 And lo! it crumbled into dust.  
 I saw a man in modest dress,  
 Assist the poor and fatherless—  
 I saw oblivion's mighty arm,  
 In vain attempt to do him harm.  
 When this I saw, I musing said,  
 "Oblivion now thy power is dead:  
 A virtuous man may thee defy—  
 His deeds are registered on high."

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